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## THE 'HONOURS OF SCOTLAND.'

AMONG the historical treasures of our country the 'Honours of Scotland' must always hold a foremost place. They are not of very great intrinsic value, but they lie there—crown, sceptre, and sword of state—in the Crown-room in Edinburgh Castle, to bear witness to the ancient glory of Scotland, and to remind us that that kingdom is not yet swallowed up and lost in her larger and richer neighbour. They are peculiarly an evidence of the separate existence of Scotland, for it is an essential provision of the Treaty of Union that they shall never be taken across the border.

For the actual articles which are now in Edinburgh Castle a great antiquity cannot be claimed. The crown worn by the early kings of Scotland was worn last by John Baliol, the king who swore fealty to Edward of England, and who is known in history as 'Toom Tabard,' because Edward despoiled him of the insignia of his royalty. That crown was taken to England by Edward, and was lost long afterwards, when the republicans of the seventeenth century destroyed everything that could remind them of kings. The circlet of gold, also, hastily made, which was placed on the brow of Robert the Bruce by the Countess of Buchan, at Scone, in 1306, was taken to England after Methven, and never found its way back. But another crown was made, we may well believe, after Bannockburn; there certainly was one when David II. succeeded his father in 1329. Whether that crown was the one now in Edinburgh Castle is matter of controversy. If the present crown was not made in the reign of James V., it was certainly re-made then. There is evidence to warrant us in holding that that king only enlarged and improved the crown which his predecessors had worn, and we may say, with some certainty, that the crown which is now in Edinburgh is in its essence the crown worn by all the Stuart kings, save the last. The sceptre and sword certainly do not date back beyond the reign of James IV. The former was

presented to that king in 1494 by Pope Alexander VI., and was melted down and remodelled by his son in 1536. The latter, which bears on its scabbard the arms of Pope Julius II., was presented by him to James IV. in 1507.

But if we may hope and hold that the Honours which still exist were used in coronation ceremony throughout the whole period of the Stuart dynasty, it is true that since that dynasty came to an end they have never been put to their proper use. The sovereigns of Great Britain are still kings or queens of Scotland; they sit when they are crowned on the old 'Stone of Destiny,' on which the ancient kings sat at Scone, and which now forms part of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey; but since Charles II.'s coronation as king of Scotland at Scone, in 1651, the Honours of Scotland have never borne their share in the inauguration of a new reign.

On one romantic incident in their history, which occurred just after the coronation of Charles II., some further light has recently been thrown by a publication of the Scottish History Society, and the story may bear telling here. It speaks of the courage and constancy of a brave man and two brave women, who risked much and suffered much for the honour of their country, and whose names are perhaps not so well known as they deserve to be.

In 1650 the various factions in Scotland, staggered by the extreme step which the English regicides had taken, called Charles II. from his exile to sign the Covenant and to take his father's place as king of Scotland. On the first of January 1651 Charles was with all solemnity crowned at Scone, and the Honours of Scotland were used in the ceremony. But it did not suit the English Parliamentary party that the Scottish monarchy should be restored, and the coronation at Scone was speedily followed by an invasion of Scotland by Cromwell. Charles had two alternatives before him. He might remain here, and endeavour to protect his Scottish kingdom from the invader; or he might carry the war into

England, and make a bold bid for a wider sovereignty. He chose the latter course, eluded the English army, and marched for London. The sequel is well known. Cromwell hastened after him, overtook him at Worcester, and, by that 'crowning mercy,' put an end for the time to all hopes of a restoration of the monarchy.

But when the Scottish army marched southward, and left Scotland very much at Cromwell's mercy, it was felt that something should be done to save the Honours from falling into republican hands. Accordingly, the parliament, which was then sitting at Perth, ordered them to be handed over to the Earl Marischal, who was their hereditary keeper during the sitting of parliament, and instructed him to deposit them in Dunnottar Castle, 'thair to be keepit by him till farther ousouris.'

Dunnottar Castle, an ancient stronghold of the Keith family, stands upon a steep rock which juts into the sea a mile and a half south of Stonehaven. On three sides the rock descends sheer into the sea, and on the landward side a deep though dry chasm separates the fortress from the land. In days when modern artillery was unknown the castle must have been well-nigh impregnable, and in the days of Charles II. it was a place of great strength.

To Dunnottar Castle, then, the Earl Marischal took the Honours, and concealed them there in a secret place. The command of the castle he gave to George Ogilvie of Barras, a man who had been brought up with him, and in whom he placed confidence. Forty soldiers and two sergeants were the garrison allowed him by parliament to protect his charge.

Meanwhile, events moved on. Cromwell had followed Charles to England, but English troops remained in Scotland. On the 28th of August the 'Raid of Eliot' took place—Colonel Alured and a party of horse from Dundee making a sudden dash upon Alyth, and there surprising and taking prisoner almost the entire Committee of Estates. Among the prisoners was the Earl Marischal, who, under pretence of sending for money, sent a message to his mother, apprising her of the hiding-place of the Honours, and asking her to take measures to insure their safety. Upon receipt of her son's message, the countess went to Dunnottar, but found that the English were too near to enable her to remove the Honours with safety. She accordingly took them from their hiding-place and gave them to Ogilvie, to be held by him, with the castle, for the king.

From that time till May 1652 Ogilvie held the castle against the besieging army. Worcester was fought; Charles was again a fugitive and an exile: his cause seemed lost, and one after another the posts held for him in Scotland were surrendered, but of these Dunnottar was the last. On the 24th of May 1652 Ogilvie capitulated. His garrison was too small, and was exhausted and nearly famished; an expedition planned in Holland to relieve him had never started; and he had treachery, as well as fatigue and hunger, to contend with within his walls. He surrendered the castle upon honourable terms, and was permitted to march out with drum beating and match lighted, for the space of a mile from the castle. The articles of capitulation provided that the Honours should be given up, or a reason-

able account of them given. But when the English took possession of the castle the Honours were not to be found.

Ogilvie had foreseen that he could not hold out much longer, and he had taken counsel with his wife as to how the Honours might be preserved from the hands of the English. Mrs Ogilvie had made and carried out a plan for their safety, and had purposely kept her husband in ignorance of its details, so that he might be able to say that he did not know what had become of them. She managed to convey a message to her friend, Mrs Granger, the wife of the minister of the neighbouring parish of Kinneff. Mrs Granger started one morning in March for Stonehaven with her maid, and returned, laden with various provisions for the manse, including some bundles of flax which were carried by the maid. On her way home she passed Dunnottar, and it occurred to her that she would like to pay a visit to her friend Mrs Ogilvie. The requisite permission was obtained from the English officer in command, and Mrs Granger entered the castle. Her time there was spent in a way of which the English officer would not have approved had he known of it. He was very civil to her when she came out, helped her to mount her horse, and conducted her safely through the lines. His courtesy must have been embarrassing, for she had, so tradition avers, the crown in her lap, while the sceptre and sword were in the bundle of flax on the maid's back. But her courage did not fail her, and she carried the Honours in safety to the manse at Kinneff, where she delivered them over to her husband. He hid them first in the bottom of a bed at the manse, and then secretly buried them under the pavement of the church, where they lay for eight years, visited occasionally at night by the minister, who renewed their wrappings to protect them from harm.

The removal of the Honours took place two months before the surrender of the castle. When the English found that one great object of the siege had been missed, they subjected the governor and his wife to a very strict examination. Their story, however, was explicit, if not true. John Keith, the youngest brother of the Earl Marischal, had been with them in Dunnottar when the siege began, and some time during the winter he had escaped to France, and had taken the Honours with him. A letter purporting to be from him from France, giving an account of his delivery of the Honours to the king, had been written by Mrs Ogilvie, and was allowed by her to fall into the hands of the English. But the English were not satisfied, and for some seven months Ogilvie and his wife were kept in prison and harshly treated. Their oppressors went so far as to threaten to torture Ogilvie's son in the presence of his parents, but fortunately the boy escaped their hands. At last a letter came from Paris from John Keith, who had been apprised of the state of affairs, in which he took credit to himself for carrying off the Honours. The Ogilvies were then released on bail, but Mrs Ogilvie never recovered from the treatment she had received, and died during the following summer. It was only on her death-bed that she confided to her husband the secret of the hiding-place of the Honours.

John Keith came back to Scotland at the beginning of 1654, and joined Middleton's forces

in the Highlands. Middleton's attempt to recover Scotland was not successful, and on the 26th July he was defeated at Loch Garry in Athole. The part which Keith claimed to have played in the preservation of the Honours militated against him, and it was not without great difficulty that he got himself included in the capitulation which followed.

At the Restoration, in 1660, Charles was told of the safety of the Honours, and at his command they were delivered by Granger and Ogilvie to the Earl Marischal, to whose charge they had originally been committed by the Scottish parliament. The king was not ungrateful for the service done him, and honours and rewards were distributed amongst those who had had a share in the work. Perhaps it is true that the rewards were not fairly given, and that those who had the greater influence obtained the greater share. There was an unseemly quarrel about it between Keith and Ogilvie, which lasted on into the next century, and ended in a lawsuit before the Privy Council. But into this it is not necessary to enter here. John Keith was first made Knight Marischal of Scotland, and then Earl of Kintore, and received a yearly pension of £400. George Ogilvie was made a baronet, and was given an augmented blazon of arms, along with the promise of a pension when the king's revenues should be settled—a promise which was never fulfilled. Mrs Granger received from the Scottish parliament a grant of two thousand merks Scots. To some people it would not seem unfair to say that the rewards were given in the inverse ratio to the merits of the recipients.

## MY LORD DUKE.\*

### CHAPTER IX.—AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

It is comparatively easy to read a character from a face. This is always a scientific possibility. To fit the face to a given character is obviously the reverse. And those who knew the worst of Lady Caroline Sellwood, before making her acquaintance, received, on that occasion, something like a shock. They had nourished visions of a tall and stately figure with a hook-nose and an exquisitely supercilious smile; whereas her Ladyship was decidedly short, and extremely stout, with as plebeian a snub-nose and as broad a grin as any in her own back-kitchen. Instead of the conventionally frigid leader of society, she was a warm-hearted woman where her own interests were not concerned; where they were, she was just what expedience made her, and her heart then took its temperature from her head, like the excellent servant it had always been. A case very much in point is that of her relations with Claude Lafont, whom, however, Lady Caroline had now her own reasons for fearing no more. As for the Duke of St Osmund's, her heart had been a perfect oven to him from the first.

Nor did she make any bones about the matter—it was this that so repelled Olivia. But the very falsity of the woman was frank to the verge of a

virtue; and the honest dishonesty of her front hair (which was of the same shade as Olivia's, only much more elaborately curled) was as bluntly emblematic as a pirate's flag. Lady Caroline Sellwood was honestly dishonest to the last ounce of her two hundredweight of avoirdupois.

This was the kind of thing she thought nothing of doing. She had been engaged for months upon an egregious smoking-cap for Claude Lafont. That is to say, she had from time to time put in a few golden stitches, in front of Claude, which her maid had been obliged to pick out and put in again behind the scenes. Claude, at any rate, always understood that the cap was for him—until one evening here in the conservatory, when he saw Lady Caroline coolly trying it on the Duke.

'It never did fit you, Claude,' she explained serenely. 'It was always too small, and I must make you another. Only see how it fits the dear Duke!'

The dear Duke was made the recipient of many another mark of unblushing favour. He could do no wrong. His every solecism of act or word—and they still cropped up at times—was simply 'sweet' in the eyes of Lady Caroline Sellwood, and she never hesitated to say so.

Moreover, she would speak her mind to him on every conceivable topic, and this with a freedom often embarrassing for Jack; as, for example, on the first Sunday after church.

'I simply don't know how Francis dared!' Lady Caroline exclaimed, as she took Jack's arm on the sunlit terrace. 'Twenty-one minutes by my watch—and such drivel! It didn't seem so to you? Ah, you're so sweet! But twenty-one minutes was a perfect outrage, and I shall tell the little idiot exactly what I think of him.'

'I rather like him,' said Jack, who put it thus mildly out of pure politeness to his companion; 'and I rather liked what he said.'

'Oh, he's no worse than the rest of them,' rejoined Lady Caroline. 'Of course I swear by the sweet Established Church; but the parsons personally, with very few exceptions, I never could endure. Still, it's useful to have one in the family; he does everything for us. He christens the grandchildren, and he'll bury the lot of us if he's spared, to say nothing of marrying poor Olivia when her time comes. Ah well, let's hope that won't be yet! She is my ewe lamb. And all men are not such dear sweet fellows as you!'

This sort of speech he found unanswerable; and although treated by her Ladyship with unflinching consideration, amounting almost to devotion, Jack was never at his ease in such interviews.

One of these took place in the hut. Lady Caroline insisted on seeing it, accompanied by Olivia. Of course the whole idea charmed her to ecstasies; it was so original; it showed such a simple heart; and the hut itself was as 'sweet' as everything else connected with the Duke. So was the pan-nikin of tea which Jack was entreated to brew for her in the 'billy'; indeed, this was too sweet for Lady Caroline, who emptied most of hers upon the earth behind her camp-stool; an act which Jack

pretended not to detect, and did not in the least resent. On the contrary, he put a characteristic construction upon the incident, which he attributed exclusively to Lady Caroline's delicate reluctance to hurt his feelings by expressing her real opinion of the tea; for though personally oppressed by her persistent kindness, he was much too unsophisticated, and had perhaps too good a heart of his own, ever to suspect an underlying motive.

Towards the end of that week, in fact on the Friday afternoon, they were all taking tea on the terrace; or rather all but the two talented young men, who were understood never to touch it, and who, indeed, were somewhat out of their element at the Towers, except late at night, when the ladies had gone to bed. 'I can't think why you asked them down,' said Lady Caroline to Claude. 'I didn't,' was the reply; 'it was you, Jack.' 'Of course it was me,' cried the astonished Jack, 'and why not? Didn't they use to go to your rooms, old man, and to your house, Lady Caroline?' 'Ah,' said her Ladyship, with her indulgent smile, 'but that was rather a different thing—you dear, kind fellow!' All this, however, was not on the Friday afternoon, when Lady Caroline was absorbed in very different thoughts. They were not of the conversation, although she put in her word here and there; the subject, that of the Nottingham murder, being one of peculiar interest. The horrible case in question, which had filled the papers all that week, had ended the previous day in an inevitable conviction. And even Claude was moved to the expression of a strong opinion as he put down the *Times*.

'I must say that I agree with the judge,' he remarked with a shudder. "Unparalleled barbarity" is the only word for it! What on earth, though, was there to become "almost inaudible with emotion" about in passing sentence? If I could see any man hanged with equanimity, or indeed at all, I confess it would be this loathly wretch.'

'Claude,' said Lady Caroline, 'I'm ashamed of you. He is an innocent man. He shall not die.'

'Who's to prevent it?' asked Jack.

'I am,' replied Lady Caroline calmly.

'There'll probably be a petition, you see,' explained Claude. 'Then the Home Secretary decides.'

'And I decide the Home Secretary,' said Lady Caroline Sellwood.

It was grossly untrue; and Olivia shook her head in answer to the Duke's astounded stare; but her mother's eyes were again fixed thoughtfully on lawn and lake. The short dry grass was overrun with wild thyme; innumerable butterflies played close to it, like spray, and the air hummed with many bees, also in love with the aroma, whose fragrance reached even to the terrace. But Lady Caroline noted none of these things, nor yet the shadows of spire and turret encroaching on the lawn—nor yet the sunlight strong as ever on the lake beyond. She was already pondering on the best way of bringing a certain matter to a head. This quiet country life, with so tiny a house-party, and with one day so like another, was excellent so far as it went, but the chances were that it would not go the whole way. It lacked excitement and incentive. It was the kind of life in which an attachment

might too easily stagnate in mere foolish friendship. It needed an event; a something to prepare for, to look forward to; a something to tighten the nerves and slacken the tongue; and yet nothing that should give the Duke an opportunity of appearing at a public disadvantage.

So this was the difficulty. It disqualified the dance, the dinner-party, even the entertaining of the county from 3.30 to 6.30 in the grounds. But Lady Caroline overcame it, as she overcame most difficulties, by the patient application of her ingenious mind. And her outward scheme was presently unfolded in the fewest and apparently the most spontaneous words.

'He is not guilty, and he shall not die,' she suddenly observed, as though the Nottingham murder had all this time monopolised her thoughts. 'But let us speak of something else; I had, indeed, a very different matter upon my mind, until the papers came and banished everything with this ghastly business. The fact is, my dear Duke, that you should really do something to entertain your tenantry, and possibly a few neighbours also, before they begin to talk. They will expect it sooner or later, and in these things it is always better to take time by the forelock. Mind, I don't mean an elaborate matter at all—except from their point of view. I would just give them the run of the place for the afternoon, and feed the multitude later on. Francis, don't look shocked! I hope you'll be there to ask a blessing. Then, Duke, you would have a band on the lawn, and fireworks, and indeed anything you like. It's always good policy to do the civil to one's tenantry, though no doubt a bore; but you needn't shake hands with them, you know, and you could leaven the lower orders with a few parsons and their wives from the surrounding rectories. It's only a suggestion, of course, and that from one who has really no right to put in her oar at all; still I know you won't misunderstand it—coming from me.'

He did not; his face had long been alight and aglow with the red-heat of his enthusiasm; and now his words leapt forth like flames.

'The very ticket!' he cried, starting to his feet. 'A general muster of all sorts, and we'll do 'em real well. Fizz and fireworks! A dance on the lawn! And I'll make 'em a speech to wind up with!'

'That would be beautiful,' said Lady Caroline with an inward shudder. 'What a dear fellow you are, to be sure, to take up my poor little suggestion like this!'

'Take it up,' cried Jack, 'I should think I would take it up! It'll be the best sport out Lady Caroline, you're one in two or three! I'm truly thankful for the tip. Here's my hand on it!'

His hand was pressed without delay.

'It really is an excellent suggestion,' said Claude Lafont, in his deliberate way, after mature consideration. 'It only remains to settle the date.'

'And the brand of fizz, old man, and the sort of fireworks! I'll leave all that to you. And the date, too; any day will do me; the sooner the better.'

'Well,' said Lady Caroline, as though it had only just struck her, 'Olivia's birthday is the twentieth!'

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'Mamma!' cried that young lady, with real indignation.

'And it's her twenty-first birthday,' pursued the other, 'and she is my ewe lamb. I must confess I should like to honour that occasion'—

'So should I. By all manner o' means!' broke in the Duke. 'Now, Miss Sellwood, it's no use your saying one word; this thing's a fixture for the twentieth as ever is.'

The girl was furious. The inevitable, nay, the intentional linking of her name with that of the Duke of St Osmund's, entailed by the arrangement now mooted, if not made, galled her pride to the quick. And yet it was but one more twang of the catapult that was daily and almost hourly throwing her at his head; neither was it his fault any more than hers; so she made shift to thank him, as kindly as she could at the moment, for the compliment he was so ready to pay her—at her mother's suggestion.

'You could hardly get out of it, however, after what was said,' she added, not perhaps inexcusably in the circumstances.

'No more can you,' retorted the Duke. 'And here comes the very man we must all consult,' he added, as the agent appeared, a taking figure in his wrinkled riding breeches, and with his spurs trailing on the dead-smooth flags.

The agent handed Jack a soiled note, and then sat down to talk to the ladies. This he did at all times excellently, having assurance and a certain well-bred familiarity of manner, which, as the saying is, went down. In this respect he was a contrast to all the other men present. He inquired when the Home Secretary would be back and ready for his revenge on the links. And he heard of the plans for the twentieth with interest and a somewhat gratuitous approval. Meanwhile the Duke had read his note more than once, and now he looked up.

'Where did you get this?' he asked, displaying the crumpled envelope, which had also a hole through the middle.

'In rather a rum place,' replied the agent. 'It was nailed to a tree just outside the north gates.'

'Well, see here,' said Jack, who stood facing the party, with his back to the stone bulwark of the terrace, and a hard look on his face; 'that's just the sort of place where I should have expected you to find it, for it's an anonymous letter that some fellows might keep to themselves—but not me! I'm for getting to the bottom of things, whether they're nice or whether they're nasty. Listen to this: "To the DUKE of St Osmund's" (He prints "Duke" in big letters, as much as to say I'm not one.), "A word in your GRACE's ear" (He prints that the same). "They say," he says, "that you hail from Australia. And I say you're not the first claimant to titles and estates that has sprung from there. Take a friendly tip, and put on as few frills as possible till you're quite sure you are not going to be bowled out for a second Tichborne—A WELL-WISHER." Now what does it mean? Is it simple cheek, or isn't it? I recollect all about Tichborne. I recollect seeing him in Wagga when I was a lad, and we took a great interest in his case up the bush; but why am I like him? Where does the likeness come in? I've heard fat men called second Tichbornes, but I don't hardly turn twelve stone.

Then what can he mean? Does he mean I'm not a Duke? I know I'm not fit to be one; but that's another matter; and if it comes to that, I never claimed to be one either; it was Claude here who yarded me up into this pen! Then what's it all about? Can any gentleman or lady help me? I'll pass the letter round, and I'll be mightily obliged if they can!'

They could; it was pure insolence, not to be taken seriously for a single moment. So they all said with one consent; and Jack was further advised to steel himself forthwith against anonymous letters, of which persons in his station received hundreds every year. The agent added that he believed he knew who had written this one; at least he had his suspicions.

In a word, the affair was treated by all in the very common-sense light of a mere idle insult; any serious sympathy that was evinced being due entirely to the fact that Jack himself seemed to take it rather to heart. Lady Caroline Sellwood dismissed the matter with the fewest words of all; nevertheless, Jack detected her in a curious, penetrating, speculative scrutiny of himself, which he could not fathom at the time; and her Ladyship had a word to say to Claude Lafont after obtaining his arm as far as the house.

'That sort of thing is never pleasant,' she observed confidentially, 'and I can't help wishing the dear fellow had kept his letter to himself. It gives one such disagreeable ideas! I am the last person to be influenced by such pieces of impudence, as a general rule; still I could not help thinking what a very awkward thing it would be if your Mr Cripps had made a big mistake after all! Not awkward from every point of view, dear Claude'—and here she pressed his arm—'but—but of course he had every substantial proof?'

'Of course,' said Claude. 'I looked into it, as a matter of form, on Cripps's return: though his word was really quite sufficient. Well, he had copies of the certificate of Jack's birth, and of that of my uncle's marriage, besides proof positive that Jack was Jack. And that was good enough for me.'

'And for me too,' said Lady Caroline, dropping his arm. 'He is a dear fellow; I hardly know which is greater, my regard for him or my sympathy with you!' And her Ladyship marched up-stairs.

Meantime the agent had led Jack aside on the terrace.

'I know who sent that letter,' said he. 'I had my suspicions all along, and I recognised the disguised hand in a moment. It was Matthew Hunt.'

'Well?' said Jack.

'Well, it was meant merely as an annoyance: a petty revenge for the handsome thrashing you gave the fellow six weeks ago—I wish I'd seen it! But that's not the point; the point is that I think I could bring it home to the brute; and I want you to let me try.'

'I can't. What's the good? Leave bad alone; we should only make it worse.'

'Then mayn't I raise the rent of the Lower Farm?'

'No; not yet, at any rate. I mean to give the fellow a chance.'

'And an invitation for the twentieth too?'

'Certainly; he's a tenant, or his father is; we can't possibly leave them out.'  
'Very well; you know best.'  
And the agent went his way.

### THE 'CURE' AT CARLSBAD.

FOR various reasons, chiefly of health and fashion, a sojourn for a longer or shorter period at one or other of the numerous Continental spas has become almost part of the annual routine of life of the monied classes. How often have we read in our newspapers during the past season that the Prince of W., or the Duke of Midland, or the Countess of Blankshire, or Mr and Mrs Midas have gone to 'Waterbad,' or some other 'Bad,' to take the waters, or the 'cure' as it is called. No doubt our own home watering-places, such as Bath, Harrogate, and Strathpeffer, have claimed their share of visitors, but the Continental spas have had a far larger measure of patronage, affording as they do, a more radical change of life and of surroundings; and among the oldest and most famous of these, from a medicinal point of view, must be ranked Carlsbad, although not so much frequented by English people as Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, and some others which seem to attract our countrymen. The aggregate number of persons of all nationalities taking the annual cure at Carlsbad is greater than at any other spa, reaching, during each of last season and this, the large number of about forty-two thousand, of whom one thousand were English, and two thousand American.

Beautifully situated in the valley of the clear-flowing river Tepl, just where it flows out of the hills forming a spur of the Erzgebirge ('Ore Mountains') in the north-west of Bohemia, Carlsbad, which stands over twelve thousand feet above sea level, has a special advantage which one would suppose ought to recommend it to the inhabitant of cool climates. It is seldom too hot, the mean temperature during the season being about 57° Fahrenheit, and even when it does become close in the town itself, which lies along the valley, one has only to ascend to the pine-clad hills lying all around to find shade and fresh-blowing breezes. Seventy miles of walks through the woods offer numerous diverging routes to the pedestrian, and afford here and there vistas of scenery that remind one very much of similar views in our own Highlands, wanting, however, in the attraction of the purple heather. The place takes its name from the Emperor Charles IV. of Germany, but it seems to have been known so far back as the twelfth century, though it is indebted to Charles for the commencement of its reputation as a watering-place.

The regular season extends from 1st May to 1st October, but the crowded months are July and August, and then most of the good hotel and lodging house accommodation is full, the weekly charge for a fairly good bedroom in one of the best hotels running to from thirty to fifty gulden (£2, 10s. to £4, 3s. 4d.), exclusive of light and attendance. In addition to this, each visitor remaining more than a week is charged a municipal tax called 'Kurtax,' and a music tax, amounting together to from six to fifteen gulden, depending on the visitor's rank in life. This tax is

exigible only once, however long the visitor remains, and the payment admits to the springs and concerts free, though to some special concerts a charge for admission is made. Including the journey of twenty-six hours from England by express train, cost of living, amusements, and doctor's bill, the expense of a three to four weeks' stay may be estimated at not much under £50; so of course persons of moderate means, unless upon strong recommendation of the physician, will not lightly incur the cost of a sojourn, though most people who have been there say it is well worth the money.

To enumerate the various diseases and derangements for which Carlsbad's waters are a remedy is rather beyond the scope of this article; but it may at once be said that persons with organic disease, as distinguished from functional derangement, are seldom sent to Carlsbad except in cases where the organic lesion is slight. The waters are of course not a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, nor can they, like many a patent pill, cure every disease from premature baldness to a sprained ankle. But as a remedy for many disorders they are *facile princeps*. For all the consequences of high living and want of exercise, such as stomach and liver troubles, gout in its various forms, and many other kindred complaints, Carlsbad waters, together with the regimen prescribed for each special case, act in general like a charm, though it may be that just at the time the patient may not feel much or any benefit, and it may be some weeks or even months before the good results of which he went in search ensue.

Now, be it understood, people do not go to Carlsbad to play themselves, though of course amusement is and must always be incidental to life at every watering-place. They go for the cure, and though no doubt there is no compulsion, still seldom indeed can anybody be seen transgressing the well-known rules of health enjoined during the stay.

Arrived at Carlsbad, the visitor or 'Kurgast,' as he is called, will, if an Englishman, doubtless elect to take up his abode in one of the fine hotels or lodging-houses on the Schlossberg, a hill immediately above the Springs, along the front of which lies the densest portion of the town. The buildings on this hill being for the most part new, are replete with every comfort; and as they are elevated some two hundred feet above the rest of the town, it is cooler, and the air fresher and more bracing. Having fixed on his quarters, he will now seek out the physician to whom he has been recommended by his own doctor, or whom he may select from the numerous list he will find hung up in the house he is to stay at. As may be fancied from the number of patients, the body of physicians practising in the town is large and increasing, numbering at present over a hundred; but with some exceptions, physicians are only in residence for the season, leaving with the last of the visitors when the town narrows down to its resident population of thirteen thousand and most of the large hotels and houses are practically shut up. Many of the physicians speak five or six languages, so a knowledge of German is quite unnecessary to enable the 'Kurgast' to describe his symptoms. After which, and a careful examination, he will be told what springs to drink from, and in what quantities,

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what baths he is to take, and what regimen he must adopt.

At most Continental spas the methods of treatment have varied from time to time, and Carlsbad is no exception to the rule. The history of the 'Kur,' or course of waters and baths, may be divided into several more or less distinct periods. During the earliest, until about the middle of last century, excessive bathing was the rule, and patients remained in the bath until the skin became actually sore, and the term 'Hantfresskur' ('flaying cure') was derived from this barbarous method; gradually, however, this was modified, and eventually it went for a time entirely out of date, and its place was taken by a mania for absorbing enormous quantities of the waters internally, patients swallowing thirty to forty glasses a day. When one considers that this means three hundred to four hundred ounces, and that thirty to forty is quite a large allowance of liquids for an adult to consume in twenty-four hours, it is evident that the livelong day must have been spent glass in hand, and even then the wonder is that patients managed to consume the enormous dose and survive. The third or rational treatment, which is a combination of judicious drinking and bathing, set in about the end of last century, and is still in vogue.

The main basin of Carlsbad waters is estimated to be about eight thousand feet below the earth's surface, and as at that depth the temperature is high, all the springs are more or less hot, ranging from the 'Sprudel,' with a temperature of 162.5° Fahrenheit, down to 'Spital-brunnen,' with a temperature of 95.3°. There are nearly twenty different springs, but the best known and most frequented are 'Sprudel,' 'Schlossbrunn,' 'Mühlbrunn,' 'Neubrunn,' 'Felsenquelle,' and 'Marktbrunn.' The chemical analysis has remained unchanged ever since analyses began to be made, and strange as it may appear, in view of the fact that the different springs have somewhat different effects, the analysis of all is very much the same, the chief difference consisting in the different degrees of temperature. It may be, of course, that there are subtle differences existing in nature's chemistry, but not yielding their secrets to the tests of modern science. The chief ingredients are sulphates of soda and potash, chloride of sodium, carbonate of soda, and carbonic acid, but there are many others in smaller quantities. The waters are all pleasant to taste, but not two of them taste exactly alike, though the analyses are so similar, the pleasantest being the 'Schlossbrunn.' None of them ever produce nausea, and none of them has any smell more than ordinary hot water has. All the springs are led into pipes, some of which pour out their contents at surface level, others at some depth below the surface at the bottom of a kind of well, with steps descending to the bottom, and the 'Sprudel' with its upright pipe of three or four inches diameter spouting its contents in steaming, intermittent jets, ten or twelve feet into the air.

The action of all the waters is extremely mild, as they are not nearly so highly charged with drastic chemical constituents as some of our home waters, and the curative principle seems to be the absorption of the waters into a system as devoid as possible of nutriment, and the maintenance of

this condition for as long as possible daily, so as to permit of the retention of the waters in the system, and allow their action to be fully developed in the tissues. To carry this principle into effect means the reduction as far as possible of the quantity of nourishment to be taken while the waters are being drunk and for four or five hours afterwards; and though this means the exercise of considerable self-denial, it is founded on reason, and in the general case recommended as absolutely essential in properly carrying out the 'cure.' It at once follows that our ordinary English breakfast is 'taboo,' and that the dietary generally is prescribed on the principle of giving as little work as possible to the digestive system, and as much nourishment as can possibly be derived from the reduced quantity allowed.

In the ordinary case the patient will be instructed to begin with two glasses (twenty ounces) of water per day, gradually increasing the quantity to three, four, or sometimes five glasses, and going on from the cooler to the hotter springs, eventually reaching the hottest of all, 'Sprudel.' In many cases, however, this spring is not reached at all, and is quite unnecessary and even harmful. A typical day will be spent thus: The visitor will rise about six, Continental time, which of course corresponds to five o'clock English time, and having slung his glass over his shoulder, will stroll down to the 'Schlossbrunn' or 'Mühlbrunn' spring, where he will fall in at the end of the queue of people bent on the same errand. Woe betide the person who endeavours to save time and trouble by cutting into the line instead of going to the end—speedy ejection will be his fate. In five to fifteen minutes he will have come up to the spring, and his glass will be handed down at the one side from one attendant girl to another, be filled at the spring, and come up full at the other side, when he will stroll about and sip the contents slowly, listening perhaps the while to the band playing in the colonnade, and inwardly criticising the surrounding crowd of various nationalities.

He will not fail to notice that though probably nearly all the people he sees are patients taking the cure, there is a comparative absence of persons who show evidence of being very ill. Here and there of course may be seen the yellow hue of jaundice, or the gray, bloodless look of those suffering from disorganised nutrition, but the great majority will strike him as fairly robust, and indeed sometimes the robustness will take the shape of over repletion, to which a little simple starvation might be predicted to prove, if not grateful, at least beneficial.

The brilliant sun and the crisp morning air are quite exhilarating; but, alas! for many people this is for the first two or three days only, to be succeeded, as the waters begin to exercise their depressing alkaline effect on the system, by a dragging lassitude ever present in the mornings, which, however, generally diminishes. In twenty minutes or half an hour he will have his glass refilled, and so on till he has completed the prescribed number. Then he will set out for a walk of three quarters of an hour or an hour, having perhaps for his destination one of the cafés in the environs, the Post-hof, Kaiserpark, Jägerhaus, or Freundschaftsnaal, and arrived there will have his meagre breakfast of one lightly-boiled egg, one

roll, or a couple of zwieback, or twice-baked rusks, and one cup of tea or coffee. Then after a rest he may continue his stroll through the pine woods, resting at intervals on one of the thousand and one rustic seats provided by the municipality. Before one o'clock he will probably have begun to feel the pangs of hunger, and having arrived at a 'Restauration' or returned to town, he will dine. He is always free to dine where he pleases, and the general rule is to change about a good deal, and not to patronise exclusively his hotel or lodging-house. Indeed, none of the lodging-houses profess to supply any meal except breakfast, though dinner or supper can be had in most of them by ordering in advance. Dinner is always *à la carte* and at midday, there being no late *table d'hôte* dinners, such as are in vogue at Homburg; at Carlsbad the 'cure' is first, and everything else second. Dinner will probably be recommended to consist of a plate of roast veal, lamb, or chicken, with green vegetables, and just a morsel of bread, with perhaps a little *compôte* of fruit to follow, and with or without a glass of Austrian red or white wine mixed with some of the native natural mineral aerated waters such as 'Biliner,' 'Gieshubler,' or 'Krondorfer'—no potatoes, butter, cheese, raw fruit, spices, spirits, or indeed any of the usual auxiliaries of our dinner are permitted, these not being 'kurgemäss.' Should this be one of his bath days, and these occur from twice to four times a week, he will spend part of his forenoon in taking his bath, either a mud bath, sprudel bath, or perhaps some more fanciful form, such as a pine-needle bath. The mud bath is a hot black slimy combination of peat-moss brought from Franciscabad, mixed with sprudel water into a sort of gigantic elongated mud pie, and the sprudel bath is the plain heated water from the 'Sprudel' spring. After the bath, rest in bed for an hour before dinner is recommended. Most kinds of baths can be had at the four different bathing establishments existing in the town, the finest of which, the Kaiserbad, opened in 1895, is perhaps the most perfect establishment of the kind in Europe. In it, besides the ordinary baths, may be had electric baths, massage, and Swedish medical gymnastic treatment.

Dinner over, rest will be found congenial, and the fragrant weed may be indulged in, while the daily paper is looked over for home news, or the 'Kurliste,' published daily by the municipality, is scrutinised for the names of the visitors arriving the previous day.

Then perhaps at four o'clock a concert may be fixed to take place at some of the open-air cafés, and especially if he is a family man his party will wish to attend it. One of the bands is very fine, being composed of seventy performers, and the appreciation with which its performances are received by a somewhat critical audience vouches for its perfection. While listening to the music a cup of coffee or tea and a zwieback is permitted. The concert will be over at six, and then a walk home through the pine woods as the sun is going down and the coolness of the evening has set in will be found enjoyable. Possibly, instead of a concert, a driving excursion may be made to one of the neighbouring places of interest, or simply through the pine woods. A light supper, generally a plate of cold meat with a morsel of bread, will follow about eight o'clock, and then to bed at

ten. All Carlsbad, or at least the 'Kurgast' population, goes to bed at ten, to prepare for the early start on the following morning.

While this may be taken as a sample of the treatment in the general case, of course each particular case has its own special treatment as that may be dictated by the medical adviser, and this may vary in many ways either in taking the waters, bathing, diet, or exercise.

After a course varying from three to four weeks, our visitor will generally find that though his capacity for exertion, mental and bodily, has for the time somewhat diminished, his appetite has improved, and what is more important, his digestion, if applied only upon such diet as is prescribed to be maintained for some little time afterwards, during the 'aftercure,' is also much improved. He will almost invariably find that he scales a good few pounds less than when he arrived, but he may comfort himself that his loss in avoirdupois will, if that is consistent with good health in his individual case, be regained within a month or two. In short, in his improved all-round condition, his temperance and regularity will be amply repaid by an effectual 'cure.'

## PHIL'S PARD.

### CHAPTER III.—INJUNS!

AFTER a breakfast of slap-jacks and coffee, and the half-breed, Lorenzo, who had been out scouting, having reported no trace of Apaches, Phil, in order to divert the mind of the fair tenderfoot from the dangers which might overhang them, took her to look at the ruins of the old pueblo, which stood about a hundred yards from the station, across the trail by the creek; and Surly Tim accompanied them. They had roamed about the curious apartments that were still accessible on the ground-floor, and the girl was seated upon a log in one of the rooms, listening to her rough-spoken cicerone's graphic account of life in these old unique institutions, when Surly Tim gave vent to a muttered exclamation, and crept cautiously towards an aperture in the wall. Phil's eyes followed those of Tim, and Miss Annersley's followed Phil's.

In front of the station and across the trail from it grew a thick belt of yuccas, behind which the ground was covered down to the creek with gamma grass. At first Jim's eyes saw nothing that was not there when the three left the station, but watching more closely the two men's gaze, she detected a slight movement in the grass that slowly advanced, now ceasing entirely, now creeping along stealthily for a few yards in the direction of the station until it was lost among the yuccas. Five minutes—ten minutes—a quarter of an hour passed, and still the two men watched, and the girl wondered. At length a head, a brown head with black hair, rose slowly into view so cautiously that it seemed rather to grow out of the tuft of dark sword-shaped leaves as though it were a part of the plant.

'What's that?' demanded the girl in a frightened whisper.



'Which it 'pears to me, miss, as Tim would say,' drawled Phil in return, as he brought up his rifle to the sight, 'thet's an Injun.' The crack of his firearm supplied the full stop to the sentence, and was echoed by a piercing death-cry, as a half-naked bronze body in full war-paint leaped five feet in the air, and crashed to the ground a corpse.

For an instant there was silence in the old pueblo. Then, with flashing eyes, Jim Annersley turned to the philosopher, and, pointing with outstretched finger to the yuccas, fairly hurled at him the one word—

'Murderer!'

'I reckon you air c'reck thar, miss, but I calkerlate the red cuss won't murder no more. He's through with his slayin' this side the happy huntin'-grounds,' replied Phil, coolly throwing away the spent cartridge, and replacing it with a loaded one in order to keep the magazine of his repeating-rifle charged to its full capacity.

'You—you! I meant you—monster! fiend! assassin! You shot down a poor fellow-creature from behind his back!' she exclaimed passionately; and Phil stood with unmoved face as he paused to admire this new phase of her beauty, as one stops to note the heightened effect on some fair view of the Sierras under the majestic splendour of a vivid electric discharge.

'Say, miss, did yer trade in Injuns at the store at Carville?' he asked quietly.

The girl shot one glance of bitter resentment at him, and did not deign to reply in words.

'Didn't use ter measure 'em off with a yard-stick, or weigh 'em out in pounds, an' put 'em up in passels, did yer?' he went on blandly, for not even his admiration for the fresh young girl or the novelty of it had quite conquered the strong vein of sarcasm that a long course of philosophy almost invariably breeds in a man's nature.

Still Miss Annersley refused to reply.

'Jest so!' he concluded pleasantly, and shouldering his rifle, stepped across to the clump of yuccas which Surly Tim and the occupants of the station, brought out by the shot, had already reached. The girl followed, drawn by some horrible fascination, to further sicken her tender heart with her first sight of human slaughter.

'It's Arrow Nose's chief scout, Creeping Snake,' Luis cried in alarm, and returned quickly to the station. In another minute he was galloping down the trail on the fastest mustang in the corral, for was he not 'pure Mexican,' with a wholesome regard for a whole skin!

Lorenzo quickly followed, and how or when the Indian boy disappeared nobody knew. He vanished.

'Which it 'pears to me we'd better be bulgin' over to Plummer's,' remarked Surly Tim.

'You kin clap the saddles on the three best hosses you kin ketch,' Phil replied; and Tim hurried away to do his bidding, while the philosopher paused a moment, for his eye had noticed that, in falling, the body of the Indian had in-

prisoned a harmless horned toad. He rolled the corpse over with his foot, and the released lizard crawled away ungainly to safety. Then he followed Tim without a word towards the building. And the girl saw him and marvelled—marvelled that in the same lump of human flesh nature should have implanted such incongruous impulses, that the same man who only a few minutes ago shot down like vermin a fellow man should now in an hour of extreme peril display such kindness to a mere ugly reptile.

Frightened and bewildered, she followed Phil across the trail, and not knowing what to do, sat upon the bench by the door, while he strode hurriedly into the house. Soon he reappeared with something over his arm.

'Oh, why did I ever come upon this mad errand!' she cried bitterly. 'Heaven help me! what will the end of it be?'

'Either Luis's trousers or kingdom come,' replied Phil laconically.

She looked up in his face, and there read stern command. Murderer or no murderer, she felt that there was no trifling in the look of those cold gray eyes, and snatching up the garment, she fled with it to the room she had slept in. In ten minutes more she was riding down the trail with Phil at her side, while Surly Tim rode a few yards in advance.

Jim Annersley was an accomplished horse-woman, and found, when the strangeness of it had worn off, that it was not so difficult to adapt herself to the Mexican saddle as she had imagined. Action, too, calmed down her fears, and soon she was wondering how, under the circumstances, she could be so cool. And as she grew cooler and reflected, it came to her that she might possibly have been a little too precipitate in accusing her companion of the enormity of murder; yet she could not see what justification he had received. As for Phil, he trotted along at her side, with the same indifferent look his face might have exhibited if the occasion had been a picnic instead of a race for life.

'Mr Marpleson,' she began a little awkwardly; 'I want to be just to you.'

'Wal?'

'There are things I'm afraid I don't understand. Human life is such a precious thing that my soul revolts to see it taken so—so— I hardly know how to put it, Mr Marpleson, but doesn't your sense of justice demand that even an Indian, when he is taken unawares, should not be ruthlessly put to death without a fair trial?'

'Jest so,' replied Phil genially: 'only when it's a Injun ez is out on the warpath, layin' fur to rip the shingles off the roof of yer head, it's jest as well to shoot him fust an' try him after.'

The girl rode on in silence for some minutes, then turning to her companion suddenly, she asked:

'Mr Marpleson, why *did* you shoot that Indian?'

'Cos I niver buck agen Providence—cos I'd rather be a Arizony gold-digger for two minutes 'n a corpse fur all eternity. Say, miss,' he went on, 'you air what we call a innocent, an' you don't quite ketch on. Thar's Injuns nearer 'n you or me reckoned. Ef I'd let that red skunk git back to Arrow Nose, the hull lot 'ud hev

been down on us like jack-rabbits, an' I 'low we'd hev been wrastlin' our hash out on the mesa afore sun-down. Now the Apache cusses'll wait till nightfall fur their scout to come in. Then, mebber, they'll send out another; but, anyhow, they niver attacks in the night, an' so by the time they git the general drift of things up at Cruz, we'll be clear over to Plummer's—onless'—

'Unless what?'

'Unless they light on our trail by accident.'

And that is just what they did.

Thirty out of the forty miles had been traversed, and weariness was beginning to sit heavily upon the girl, for only once had they dismounted to water their horses at a 'dobe hole, and rest for a few minutes from the scorching glare in the shade of a clump of yuccas. Now they made a detour to gain the opposite side of the box-cañon of a creek which lay exactly across the direct trail from Cruz to Plummer's—a mighty chasm whose high perpendicular walls, two hundred yards apart, sternly forbade the passage of aught but a bird or a rifle bullet. The three fugitives having got round to the opposite edge of the cañon, Phil decided upon halting for an hour, and Jim flung herself thankfully upon the sun-baked earth to snatch the brief rest which was, alas, denied her; for, looking across the chasm, her eyes fell upon a tall, naked savage, grotesquely streaked with yellow and red paint, sitting motionless upon a white horse on the very lip of the cañon. The eagle feathers in his bonnet stood out clearly silhouetted against the sky. He might have been a statue—only he had not been there the minute before.

All thought of fatigue vanished instantly.

'Is that?'—Jim began.

'Arrow Nose, I reckon,' Phil returned quietly, completing the sentence.

The terrible Apache chief struck his mouth rapidly with the flat of his hand, and gave vent to a shrill, piercing, vibrating note, that shrieked and swelled across the chasm, and went echoing from side to side down the cañon. It was the war-whoop.

'What is he shouting?' asked Jim fearfully.

'Quit,' I reckon,' rejoined Phil, as he swung her into the saddle and leaped on his own mustang.

Hardly had the prolonged signal for slaughter died away, when the opposite brink of the chasm was crowned with a living fringe of yelling, mounted human fiends, and the Apaches sent a volley of bullets singing across the gorge from the Remington repeating-rifles they had stolen from the murdered cavalry command.

'Ride for yer life outen gun-shot!' cried Phil; and the mustangs sprang forward amid a hail of bullets.

When a couple of hundred yards had been placed between them and the cañon, Phil slackened speed and drew Surly Tim back.

'Tim,' he remarked, in a low tone, 'this yer circus hez begun. I reckon it will take the red cusses twenty minutes to git here. That gives us a purty good send off; but the gal's tired, an' the horses ain't fresh. Mebbe we'll make Plummer's—an' mebber we'll make kingdom come. I want you to swar that ef we strike a streak of ill-luck an' I'm laid out previous, that ef the

wust comes to the wust, you'll clap your shootin'-iron to thet gal's head an' put a bullet through her brain afore you say yer prayers!'

'I swar, Phil,' Surly Tim replied solemnly, and the two men shook hands.

'What were you saying to Tim?' inquired Jim anxiously, as Phil came up.

'I was tellin' him of a young Eastern jay ez come to Plummer's last fall in a plug hat an' a biled shirt to git subscriptions fur the "Life of Confucius" in twenty-one sections. An' now, I reckon, we'd better be littin' out,' returned Phil, with the face of a Sphinx. And the girl knew that he lied, but said nothing.

During the last few minutes they had been taking advantage of the cover afforded by a group of bare, brown rocks, but now they galloped on to the open again, and pressed forward, for they were still within range of the Indians' rifles. As the fugitives reappeared on the mesa, another blood-curdling yell went up through the golden sunshine, and the repeating-rifles spoke again. Jim Annersley's horse answered with a scream of pain, and ploughed heavily down on the hard baked earth, shot through the heart. In a flash Phil had leaped from the saddle in time to save the girl from a heavy fall.

'Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?' she cried helplessly, as the shots rang out again across the cañon.

'Which it 'pears to me, miss, you kin mount my burro, fur the present owner hez no further use fur it. I reckon the red cusses hev trumped my last trick!' growled Surly Tim, savagely shaking his fist at the yelling brutes, and rolled out of the saddle—dead!

Sick at heart, the girl pressed her hands to her eyes. The golden, laughing sunshine was full of cruel, bloody death. A sickening faintness came over her as a heavy cloud, that lowered and lowered, and crushed her in its icy blackness until her brain reeled—until Phil caught her round the waist and whispered encouragingly:

'You come out here to show us an Illinois gal was real git! Show it now!'

That pulled her together better than a dram of spirits. Fear fled like the gloom on the Sierras before the morning sun, and only brave resolution shone on her pale beautiful face.

'God help me, I will!' she returned steadily, and, turning to the heap of lifeless clay that had so lately been Surly Tim, she stooped and laid her pure young lips reverently on the still warm forehead. It was the first time for many years that a kiss of fresh young innocence had been pressed there. Phil turned away—he did not know why. With uncovered head—he did not know why—he turned his face up to the blue. Perhaps it was only its blueness that reflected itself in his eyes, turning them to the tenderer shade. Perhaps it was only the strong light that drew the moisture into the corners of them. Perhaps!

And, crack! crack! the rifles rang out, for the Indians were not sparing of Uncle Sam's ammunition; but they were firing at long range now, and none of the other shots told. Silently Phil helped his fair comrade to mount Tim's mustang, and quickly vaulting into the saddle himself, the two were soon beyond reach of the firearms of the Apaches, who were now racing madly

along the brink of the cañon, a howling, blood-hungrying horde, to the nearest crossing. The mad race for life or death had begun in grim earnest.

# MARSH GAS.

By Dr T. L. PRIPSON.

OF the various natural gases or different kinds of air, that known as Marsh Gas is one of the most interesting and most important to mankind. Obtained artificially, it forms the greater portion of the gas we burn in our streets and houses; but in producing it for this purpose by the distillation of coal, it is accompanied by other gases which are highly deleterious to animal and vegetable life, and are dangerous to breathe, though marsh gas itself is not known to be very noxious. It is an invisible gas, like air, and only about half as heavy as the latter, so that a balloon filled with it will rise in the atmosphere. In its pure state, unaccompanied by the other gases which are mixed with it in coal gas, it is without odour or flavour, and can be inhaled to a certain extent without producing dangerous symptoms. It is only dissolved very slightly by water, differing widely in this respect from carbonic acid gas, the solutions of which are used at table as seltzer water, and which rises from champagne and other sparkling wines.

Marsh gas is a compound of carbon and hydrogen, often called carburetted hydrogen, and it derived its common name from the fact that it occurs abundantly in marshy lands, bogs, and swamps, and rises in bubbles from the muddy bottom of old ponds. If you stir up the mud of a pool, large quantities of this gas bubble up to the surface, and if you apply a light to them, they will take fire and burn with a yellowish or bluish flame according as the gas is more or less pure, for marsh gas is very inflammable. In winter, when the ponds are frozen, you may observe large bubbles of gas, or 'air-bubbles' as they are usually called, shut up in the ice here and there; and if you take a gimlet and bore into these air-bubbles, you will often find, on applying a lighted match to them, that the gas will take fire. On some large frozen ponds this inflammable gas lies just below the ice in such quantities that when a small hole is bored in the latter, and a light is applied to the orifice, the stream of gas that issues will take fire and burn for a length of time, lighting up at night all around.

In all parts of the world this peculiar gas issues thus from the marshy soil, year after year, in abundance. It is due to the decomposition or rotting of vegetable substances, leaves, mosses, grass, and the branches of trees, which lie decaying in the mud at the bottom of ponds and swamps. But it often rises from the soil in places where no such decaying vegetable matter appears to exist, and in coal mines it issues at times in prodigious quantities from the strata cut through by the miners. As its mixture with common atmospheric air gives rise to a fearful explosion the moment a light is applied, it is easy to understand what a source of danger this gas is to coal miners

who work in pits and galleries which are not sufficiently ventilated to carry off this dangerous gas as fast as it is produced and replace it by pure air. We all know that George Stephenson and Humphrey Davy discovered what is called a 'safety lamp' to avoid accidents of this kind—a sort of lantern made of a fine metallic gauze that surrounds the flame. Within this fine gauze the explosive mixture of air and marsh gas will take fire, but will not communicate sufficient heat to the gas and air outside the lamp to cause it to ignite, and thus the miner has time to escape.

But experience proves that these lamps are not entirely to be relied upon, and nothing short of perfect ventilation will ever overcome the evil. This is the more difficult, however, as the gas often comes with a sudden rush from the floor or sides of the workings. Fortunately, certain coal mines are not at all subject to this production of marsh gas, or 'fire damp,' as the miners still call it, whilst others are, on the contrary, very liable to it; and the latter require the greatest possible precautions to prevent calamitous results. These precautions form one of the great economic problems of our age, and the subject, no doubt, occupies the thoughts of many ingenious men at the present time. Similar danger is incurred by entering, with a light, any room of a house in which there exists an escape of gas.

Marsh gas was discovered by Charles Joseph Campi, an Italian ecclesiastic, and a friend of the great electrician Volta. It was in the autumn of 1767 that the reverend gentleman, in taking a stroll along the banks of the Lambro, near the beautiful hills of St Columbano, in Lombardy, observed, for the first time, that when he thrust his walking-stick into the mud abounding in vegetable remains which lies under stagnant water, bubbles of gas escape which are inflammable. He communicated this remarkable discovery to his friend Alexander Volta, already celebrated in the scientific world, who wrote him a number of most interesting letters about it, which were afterwards published in French, at Strasburg, in 1778. But it appears that Benjamin Franklin heard of the existence of this gas in New Jersey as early as 1764, or three years previously to Campi's discovery, as he states in a letter to Dr Priestley of Birmingham.

Marsh gas is known to be a product of volcanoes, and it issues from the earth in many volcanic regions. In some parts of the world it may be seen burning, forming natural springs of fire, several of which, in the East and elsewhere, have been burning for a very long period of years. But some of these fire-springs are known to be due to naphtha or petroleum vapour, for they diffuse a certain odour and produce much smoke, whereas the flame of marsh gas gives no smoke and no odour. As long ago as the time of Campi and Volta, that is, during the latter part of the last century, marsh gas was supposed to be the prime cause of that curious phenomenon known as the *ignis fatuus*, or Will-o'-the-Wisp, the flickering light of which is seen dancing over marshy lands and swamps, chiefly at the latter end of autumn. There can be little doubt that such

is really the cause of this singular appearance which, on dark November nights, has struck with amazement many a wayfarer in the boggy districts of Northern Britain. But the difficulty which the celebrated Volta could not solve was to explain how the gas, which oozes from the boggy land, got lighted. This is a complicated question which we have not space to examine fully here; but we may state briefly that the fact appears to be due to the decomposition of certain animal substances, the bodies of dogs or cattle, for instance, along with that of the vegetable remains in the mud. This gives rise to a gas called phosphuretted hydrogen, which has a most nauseous odour, and takes fire the moment it comes in contact with the air, thus setting the marsh gas alight as it bubbles up to the surface of the swamp. Although this has not yet been proved by actual experiment, it is the only manner in which the remarkable phenomenon can be explained at all satisfactorily in the present state of science. A more practical problem is how to account for, and prevent, the disastrous explosions which occur from time to time in coal mines. An accidental escape of inflammable gas in our houses is easily remedied: and when it occurs, the chief precaution is to open all the doors and windows for some time before entering any room with a light. But in gaseous coal mines marsh gas is a constant source of danger; its sudden emission from the seams of coal after a period of high barometer readings, when the glass begins to fall, often takes us by surprise, and hitherto no chemical nor mechanical means have been discovered that can effectually avert the danger.

Chlorine gas, which is evolved from chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, is one of the few substances which are, as yet, known to act upon marsh gas and destroy it; and a liberal application of chloride of lime in coal pits might, perhaps, have some beneficial results. Again, the 'safety lamp' could not prevent an explosion caused by *ignis fatuus*, or by the heating of pyrites by oxidation; and as regards the former of these two causes, the carcasses of dead dogs and other animal substances are by no means uncommon in the galleries of coal mines.

But the greatest source of danger appears to be the sudden rushes of gas which occasionally occur, and which the most efficient ventilation hitherto practised is often insufficient to counteract.

### THE EUREKA STOCKADE.

By A. B. S., Melbourne.

THERE are few places in the British dominions which are so void of historical incidents as the colony of Victoria. When the white man first came there were only a few scattered tribes of degenerate savages who were quite willing to barter their territory and their independence for blankets, knives, tomahawks, &c.; and when at last it dawned upon them that they had voluntarily placed themselves under a foreign yoke, whose laws did not allow them to steal, murder, or indulge in their favourite pastime of eating one another, they were, unlike their brethren in the sister colony of New Zealand, too apathetic and

cowardly to fight, and contented themselves by murdering a few isolated settlers for the sake of the small amount of plunder that was to be obtained.

There is, however, one incident dear to the heart of Victorians, and that is the fight at the Eureka Stockade which took place in 1854. It is the nearest approach to a battle that the colony has ever seen; and although recent arrivals are apt to look upon the affair as that of a few soldiers suppressing a disorderly mob, there is not the slightest doubt that it taught the Imperial authorities a lesson; and the reforms which followed were of the greatest importance to the colonists.

What led up to the riots was the law which provided that every miner should take out a license. In 1853 the fee was two pounds, and it only lasted one month; at one time it was as much as three pounds, though afterwards reduced to thirty shillings. This was manifestly unfair; of course a miner who had a good claim out of which he was getting plenty of gold did not mind paying the fee, but many worked for months and only made a bare living. To them it was a great hardship; very often they could not find the money, and then the law prohibited them from gaining a livelihood until they begged, borrowed, or stole it. Again it was prejudicial to the interests of the colony; for before gold was discovered things were in a very bad state, and people who came to Victoria could get little or nothing to do, and were only too glad to get away again provided they had the means to do so. The gold changed all this, and through it thousands of able-bodied men arrived from all parts of the world.

To add to the injustice, the mode of seeing that the miners complied with the law was carried out in a most objectionable manner. At least once, and sometimes twice a week, the police made raids on the fields, and as Clause I. of the license directed that it should be carried on the person, and produced whenever demanded by the commissioner, peace officer, or any other duly authorised person, it gave the police, who were in many cases a rough lot, an opportunity of exercising their power according to their own sweet will; consequently the demand was mostly made in a peremptory and overbearing manner. If the unfortunate miner had not taken out a license, or had left it at home, he was forthwith handcuffed and marched away to the lockup, or 'logs' as it was called, from the fact that the prisoners were often chained to logs to prevent their escape from this not over-secure prison. They received scant justice from the authorities, and were heavily fined. Whenever the police appeared amongst the diggers, the cry of 'Joe, Joe,' resounded on all sides. The import was well understood, and the diggers disappeared down the shafts and into any available hiding-place, like rabbits into their burrows. Nor were the miners the only persons subject to this treatment; any one who looked or was clothed like a digger was liable to be served in the same way; even the cook who never handled pick or spade was expected to produce the license.

The writer knows a gentleman, who for the last forty years has held a responsible position in a leading business house in Melbourne, who was



arrested, handcuffed, and taken to the logs, because his license was illegible through his having to frequently produce it and afterwards replace it in his trousers pocket, where dust and grit got in and soiled it; the license, however, was perfectly valid at the time.

The miners had no redress, as, like the inhabitants of Johannesburg the franchise was not extended to them. There was nobody to champion their cause, and it is not a matter of surprise that this state of affairs terminated in bloodshed.

The site of the Eureka Stockade is situated two-and-a-half miles from the mining city of Ballarat, and was in those days called Bakery Hill. The ground is now covered with quartz, and in the centre of the spot where the Stockade stood there is a hillock; the citizens have built on its summit a stone platform, and on top of this a smaller platform surmounted by an obelisk; at each of the angles are obsolete sixty-pounders, mounted on gun-carriages to match; these were presented by the government, the whole being enclosed by a picket fence. The cost of erecting the monument was partly defrayed by the town council, and the balance made up by public subscription.

In 1854 there stood in Eureka Street, close to the Stockade, a large canvas tent where drinks were sold, and which was dignified by the name 'Hotel,' the proprietor being a man named Bentley. One day a scuffle took place just outside the tent, and a digger named Scobie was killed. Bentley was supposed to have caused his death, and was brought before the police-magistrate and discharged. This greatly exasperated the diggers, who held an indignation meeting and burned the tent. Three men were arrested for this, and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment; their friends, who maintained that they were innocent, sent a deputation to Melbourne for the purpose of interviewing Sir Charles Hotham, who was then governor, and demanding their release; this was refused, and the government sent reinforcements of police, also detachments of the 12th and 40th Regiments, which arrived in Ballarat on 28th November. The diggers, meanwhile, had not been idle; drilling was carried on, arms and ammunition collected, and Peter Lalor was chosen leader. He was a civil engineer, a man of great courage and ability, and the son of an ex-M.P. for Queen's County in Ireland. The other leaders were a Swiss named Verne, who was at one time a soldier in his native land; Carboni Raffiello, an Italian; Thomas Kennedy, an Englishman and an ex-Chartist; and a Canadian named Ross.

As the soldiers approached Ballarat the miners attacked them with the object of getting possession of their firearms and bayonets, but were driven back. In retaliation, the police made their last and most exasperating raid in search of licenses. This was the last straw; the miners held a meeting at which thousands attended and burned their licenses. The great majority were averse to anything approaching civil war, but the more headstrong were prepared to fight it out to the bitter end. They built a rough stockade consisting of mining slabs tied together with ropes, overturned carts, stones and earth, and hoisted their flag, a blue one with stars to represent the Southern Cross. Their pass-word was 'Vinegar Hill.'

Captain Thomas of the 40th, who was senior officer in command, seeing that a conflict was inevitable, determined to attack before the miners could increase their number and strengthen their position. Before dawn on Sunday the 3d December he marched his forces, which consisted of 276 men all told, including foot and mounted police. They marched silently towards the Stockade, and were not discovered till they were quite close, when the digger sentry fired at them. The men came rushing out of their tents, and a few volleys were fired by both sides; then the troops charged and were soon over the trifling barrier, when a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The diggers, however, had been taken by surprise, and a large number were away on a foraging expedition, leaving only about 300 in the Stockade. The fight was over in a few minutes, but was hot while it lasted, as the death-roll showed, thirty diggers being killed, and many more wounded, including Peter Lalor, who received a bullet in his left arm, while 125 were made prisoners. On the other side, Captain Wise of the 40th was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Paul also wounded, and five soldiers killed. Two days later, Major General Sir Robert Nickle and 800 officers and men, with four field-pieces, also a number of blue-jackets from H.M.S. *Electra*, arrived in Ballarat, and martial law was proclaimed.

A reward was offered for the apprehension of the ringleaders, but no one betrayed them; Lalor was surgically treated, and had his arm amputated; after that he walked about unmolested, and actually showed himself at a government auction sale while the price was still upon his head; a few days later a *Gazette* notice appeared withdrawing the reward. The prisoners were tried on a charge of high-treason and acquitted. Bentley was brought before a properly constituted tribunal, found guilty of participating in Scobie's death, and sentenced to three years on the roads; he afterwards committed suicide in Melbourne in 1873.

Things soon resumed their normal condition, and the inhabitants of the gold-fields looked hopefully forward to the reforms which were expected to follow the report of a Gold-field Commission, which had been appointed by Sir Charles Hotham just prior to the outbreak. The commissioners visited Ballarat and other mining districts, and were well received. They found that the average miner earned less than men employed at other industries, and advocated that the fee be reduced to one pound per annum, and that the possession of a license should entitle the holder to exercise the franchise. The recommendations of the Commission were in the main adopted. The more intelligent of the miners were appointed Justices of the Peace, and arrangements were made whereby the gold-fields could send representatives to parliament. Since then the authorities have never had to complain of disloyalty on the part of the mining population.

Peter Lalor was returned unopposed to a seat in the Legislative Council (there was only one house at that time), and shortly afterwards was appointed Inspector of Railways. From that time till his death, which occurred eight years ago, he sat in the Legislative Assembly, at one time holding the portfolio of Minister of Customs; and during the last years of his parliamentary

career he occupied the responsible post of Speaker, in which position his great knowledge of parliamentary procedure, added to his courtesy and firmness, won for him the respect and affection of all classes of the community.

In the principal street of Ballarat there stands a statue of Peter Lalor, and a monument erected in the cemetery bears the names of the soldiers and diggers who fell on that tragic Sunday.

### THE WOOL-WEAVERS OF WINTERSLOW.

WITHIN sight of Salisbury spire lies their home, a village of which Sir John Gorst once wrote, 'It is one of the most intelligent villages I have visited.' This high praise was a tribute to their plan of self-government, already in full working order before the Parish Councils Bill had received the royal assent.

To the county councillor for the district, Major Poore, is due the credit of having worked out a system of local government by means of a village committee or 'council,' which, after being explained to the villagers, was promptly adopted. This institution is truly representative, the village being divided into sections of ten families with a chairman and vice-chairman to each section, the chairmen and vice-chairmen collectively forming the committee of the village, which has already inspired so much confidence that the churchwardens have handed over to it the management of the parish charities. Besides the 'council,' another interesting scheme is at work here. In 1892, through the kind assistance of Major Poore, a neighbouring farm was acquired, which has been sold to the village as small holdings, the plots varying in size from sixteen acres to a quarter of one, and the price from £30 to £8. The estate is managed by a 'landholders' court,' which settles all disputes, collects the rates, tithes, and any rents due, and considers all applications for unallotted land. This court is registered as a trading company under the title of the 'Landholders' Court, Limited, Winterslow,' its principal object being to form a common interest, which shall encourage individual effort and at the same time show an easy method of united action for mutual trade purposes. The same principle of organisation which rules the village committee rules also the landholders' court. The holders are divided into five sections, according to the lie of the land, all holders in a section forming the committee, and their chairman and vice-chairman constituting the directorate of the company.

The solicitude and capacity of these village leaders to further the material well-being of the village is clearly indicated by the following extract from their first report: 'The directors have under consideration the institution of spinning and weaving, and are encouraged to urge it as a home industry, on account of the success attending its institution in other places.' That this action of theirs was not entirely spontaneous in no way detracts from the intelligence they displayed in adopting the proposal made to them by Mrs Poore, who, after having seen for herself the excellent results accruing from Mr Albert Fleming's attempt to reinstate the once familiar wheel in the homesteads of Westmorland, where many

a thrifty house-mother can now earn, in her spare time, twenty shillings or thirty shillings a month by her flaxen thread, advised the organisation of a similar industry in Winterslow, though, in consideration of its position in a wool-producing district, wisely proposing to substitute wool for flax.

The initial difficulties of learning to spin and weave were finally surmounted by the help of Countess Hamilton and her school of weaving, from whom both arts were learned, and through whom wheels and a small hand-loom were procured from Sweden. As English joiners are again learning to construct spinning-wheels, by degrees strong English-made wheels from the workshop of Mr Lovibond of Salisbury will take the place of the more fragile foreigners. The loom itself, which, though perfectly adapted for linen-weaving, was troublesome and slow for wool, has already been successfully altered by the village carpenter under the supervision of a weaver. This man, discovered after some trouble, was induced to visit the village to weave the first yarn spun, and to instruct the members of the class to throw the shuttle and manage the treadles for themselves; and now from seven to ten yards of cloth can easily be woven in a day, where at first the production of one was a labour of difficulty.

Though only started in the winter of 1894, the Winterslow industry has already produced good work. Over three hundred yards of hand-spun and hand-woven cloth in twenty-two patterns and colours has been finished, the specimens sent to the Home Arts and Industries Association's Exhibition in June last being so admirable in texture and design that they received six awards for merit. The quality of cloth made is very suitable for shooting suits and tailor-made gowns, and has already won great praise from a leading London tailor, who is willing to use it extensively. Some of the patterns are particularly beautiful, notably a web of turquoise blue tweed, which so delighted H.R.H. the Princess of Wales that she bought the whole piece exhibited at the Albert Hall. H.R.H. was so much struck by the value of this wool-weaving as a village industry, that she has since had Mrs Poore's best spinner, Mrs Giddens, down to Sandringham to instruct the superintendent of her 'Handicrafts' School,' with a view to starting similar work among her Norfolk tenants.

In organising the classes of Winterslow, the women have wisely followed the plan which has already proved so successful among their husbands, and have divided the spinners into sections presided over by chairwomen, who themselves form the directorate of the whole industry, keeping the accounts, taking the orders, giving out the work, teaching new pupils, &c. Each spinner, of whom there are eighteen, buys her own wheel, and if she wishes to spin and weave the cloth for her own use, she can buy it of the industry for the price of the wool. The looms are set up in a disused club-room, and are at present the property of Mrs Poore, who lends them when required to the weavers, of whom there are three. From the surrounding neighbourhood come many applications to join the classes from girls unable for various reasons to leave home for service, who have many a

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leisure hour, which might be profitably spent at a wheel if only the funds of the Industry would permit of their employment. This much to be desired end can only be achieved as the cloth becomes better known and commands a regular sale, in which effort any one interested in such work may help by ordering a suit or dress *through their own tailors*—a plan infinitely easier to themselves and kinder to the workers, who thus become known to the trade, than that of writing direct to the village for the material.

As to the value of such a Home Industry to the prosperity of a village the women of Winterslow are the best authorities. They say that spinning saves much time which would otherwise be wasted; is a restful, agreeable occupation, easily laid down when household cares demand their attention, and one of the best antidotes to the habit of gadding and gossiping, which was before responsible for so many wasted hours and peace-disturbing tales. Besides this, the endeavour to spin the best possible thread and weave the evenest web has sharpened their wits and added interest to their lives, while at the same time filling their pockets with a most valuable supplement to the husband's weekly wage. The very object of the Industry kept so steadily before them by its promoters is, to produce for sale at a price which will cover all working expenses, a cloth of the best possible texture, made by English hands in healthy country homes, and to enable the labourer to be clothed in a well-made material, which will add to his health, comfort, and efficiency, at no higher price than he now gives for the useless shoddy of the trade; and this has a high moral and educational effect upon their characters, developing in them all the latent dexterity and ingenuity they may happen to possess, and encouraging in every way their efforts at self-culture.

It is perfectly possible and most desirable to start similar industries in every village in the land. There need be no fear of over-production, as the demand, when the existence of such industries is realised, will always exceed the power of production by hand-looms; while the price asked for simple homespun suitable for the roughest wear of men and women in country districts need never be prohibitive to those who need them most, such sums, however small, being always a most welcome addition to the income of any cottage home, where the struggle to make both ends meet must long continue an arduous one. Both spinning and weaving are extremely pleasant crafts—no small matter in days when one of the chief problems to be solved by all interested in social work is that of putting more brightness into the homes and lives of the toilers. William Morris's answer to this question is decisive. 'You cannot educate, you cannot civilise men, unless you give them a share in art.' He does not mean, set everybody to paint altar-pieces; but, into every craft let art find its way so that in his daily task the workman may feel that his own individuality may express itself, and that he too may show his pleasure in his work by the delicacy of the finish, and where possible the beauty of the ornament with which he adorns it. That this is difficult in these days of machinery no one will gainsay, but in village industries it is still possible; and the interest which can be put

into a lonely woman's life by giving her a share in such an industry as weaving either wool, silk, or flax is greater than any will believe who have not seen a woman's whole expression change as she describes to you the way in which she has puzzled out a new pattern on her loom; for of such weaving we may truly say, that it is 'an art made by the people for the people, a joy to the maker and the user.'

## CHINESE RAILWAYS.

By E. C. WILTON, H.B.M. Consular Service, Swatow.

THE recent war between China and Japan has drawn general attention to the want of railways in the former country. Japan has over 2500 miles of railway in working order and general use, and these figures are increasing as time goes on. China, on the other hand, has one line in the north from Tientsin to Shanhaikuan, a distance of about 200 miles, and another smaller line which is only 18 miles long in the province of Hupei. The great service rendered by the former during the war opened the eyes of those in authority at Peking and elsewhere to the convenience and necessity of possessing railways which would be able to connect the most important provinces with Peking, the capital of the Chinese Empire.

Many schemes have been already brought forward. One of these proposes a Grand Trunk Line from Canton in the south to Hankow on the River Yangtsze, and thence on to Peking, with branch lines wherever political or commercial interests might require them. The distance as the crow flies from Canton to Hankow is about 500 miles, and from Hankow to Peking about 650 miles, making a total distance of 1150 miles. This line would unquestionably exercise a salutary influence on China's commercial welfare, if fair rates and good transport facilities prevailed. The present idea in the minds of prominent Chinese officials is to utilise railroads for military purposes, any question of commercial advantage being quite a secondary matter.

The Tientsin-Shanhaikuan line carries very little in the shape of goods, if exception be made of the coal brought down from the Kaiping Mines, which lie about 80 miles from Tientsin.

The railway from Tientsin to Kaiping was formerly owned by a company of Chinese officials, called the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company. The extension to Shanhaikuan is the property of the Chinese government, and since last year the Tientsin-Kaiping line has passed under government control. Lack of funds is alone hindering the continuance of this line into Manchuria.

A line of railway with the object of connecting Tientsin with the capital, a distance of about 80 miles, has already begun, and is making steady progress. The northern terminus will not be at Peking itself, but at a place called Lu k'ou ch'iao, a few miles away.

The main point of importance, however, is whether a railway will be built to connect southern and central China with the northern capital. Surveying is actually proceeding, but there are those who decline to believe in the earnestness of the Chinese government until the

line shall have become an accomplished fact. Chinese merchants at home and abroad are invited to subscribe to the capital required for the enterprise (about five million pounds sterling); but the ordinary native merchant is a shrewd fellow, and would like to know to what extent the returns would compensate him for the outlay.

Briefly, then, China possesses to-day but two railroads in working order: one in central and one in northern China. The former was built with German material, and under German supervision, at the expense of Viceroy Chang Chih Tung. This viceroy has the reputation of being both honest and patriotic. 'He can handle honey without licking his fingers.' It is his great wish to see railways established throughout China, but the capital and material must, in his opinion, be Chinese. With that end in view, he opened up some very rich iron and coal mines in his jurisdiction, and a short railway-line about eighteen miles in length was laid down to carry iron, coal, and limestone to the southern bank of the River Yangtze, where they are stowed in barges, and towed up to the viceroy's steel and iron works at Hanyang, a place about a mile above the city of Hankow. Viceroy Chang has his country's welfare at heart, but he has yet to learn, if he has not already learnt, that the mere possession of expensive machinery and abundant stores of coal and iron is in itself insufficient to carry out any of his schemes of enterprise. Moreover, too, his lavish expenditure of money, which has included a very large private fortune, has so little to show in actual results that the Chinese government at Peking is inclined to be scared at giving him a free hand.

The second line of railway connects Tientsin with Shanhaikuan, which is at the extremity of the Great Wall of China where it runs down to the shores of the Gulf of Pei-chi-li. This railroad was laid down with the assistance of English engineers and English material, and has proved a success in spite of the disadvantages under which it has laboured. The facilities which it gave during the late war for the transport of soldiers and warlike stores showed even the high officials in Peking that railways, quite apart from all other advantages, are of very great strategical importance. The service cannot of course be compared with that on our home lines, but as regards speed and general efficiency it does not compare very unfavourably with Japanese railway service, except that in Japan the stations are clean and well-built, and the accommodation for passengers is on the whole good, whereas the Chinese stations are small and ill-kept, and the carriages are dirty and uncomfortable.

A branch line runs from Tientsin to Tongku, about thirty miles off, and connects the former city with the historical Taku Forts, which command the entrance to the River Pei Ho.

By a clever use of the situation created by the late war between Japan and China, Russia has secured a concession for her Siberian railway to pass through Northern Manchuria, which, if carried out, will supersede the route by the banks of the Amur to Vladivostok as at first proposed. As more fully explained in the article in *Chambers's Journal* (February 27, 1897) entitled 'The Great Siberian Railway,' this railway will traverse 950

miles of Chinese territory. There is a pre-emption clause by which the railway will pass from its Russian owners to China in thirty years. This route will prove an immense saving in cost, and may also prove to China the value of railways for other than merely military purposes.

#### BROKEN TOYS.

ONLY a boxful of worn-out toys,  
Tumbled and broken by merry boys,  
Hopelessly damaged, yet very dear  
To the mother who keeps them treasured here.

Often she comes when the day is gone,  
And handles them gently, one by one;  
For around that box of broken toys  
Clings memories sweet of the children's joys.

Neddy has lost his tail, and he  
In the matter of legs has only three;  
But what did that matter? They loved him so,  
Though he was the donkey 'that wouldn't go.'

A Noah's Ark next comes to light,  
The animals all in a sorry plight;  
Poor Noah and Shem are black with blows,  
While Japhet is minus his arms and nose.

But oh! when that Ark was smart and new,  
There was nothing the inmates could not do;  
And the children would carol a merry song  
As they made the animals march along.

Here lies a drum, once bright and gay;  
It seems to the mother but yesterday  
Since she saw them gaily marching round,  
As they followed the martial, booming sound.

And here in a corner are whips and knives  
That made the joy of their owners' lives;  
Whistles and marbles and painted sticks,  
Fragments of puzzles, and building bricks.

Where are the children who used to play  
With these broken toys unearthed to-day?  
Where are the rollicking merry boys  
Who filled the house with their fun and noise?

Hushed and still has the old home grown;  
The father and mother are left alone.  
The children have long since gone away;  
They are busy men themselves to-day.

Thousands of miles now stretch between  
The home they love, with its memories green,  
And the land they've sought, where they see on high  
The Southern Cross in the midnight sky.

But white-winged messengers come and go,  
Buoyed up by love; and the parents know,  
In the land that knows no parting pain,  
They will surely meet their boys again.

BETH.

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